THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

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Poetical.

"It is Well."

The last words of Washington.

There is quiet over Vernon's hill,
A deep repose about the sacred scene,
A beauty void of pride, that does not chill
The heart, but makes it calm—serene;
The silence of the death-bed still is there,
Of footsteps hushed, of mourners on the stair,
Of eyes that watch the cold death-finger trace
Eternity upon the Chieftain's face.
And those few words, the last that from him fell,
Have settled on the landscape like a spell—
Hill, Wave and Forest breathing—"*It is well.*"

Calm as the warrior heart that sleeps above,
Potomac rolls its clear blue wave below,
And on its breast the white-winged vessels move,
Homeward or outward bound, they go—
Yet for a moment pausing on the wing,
A light cloud starts beneath, and seems to cling
Against the bow—then lifts toward the sun
And the deep music of the Tribute Gun
Floats o'er the wave and wakes the quiet dell—
"Peace to thy sleeper, Vernon"—such the swell—
A voice is felt in answer—"*It is well.*"

And yet the Hero's tomb is dark with age,
A stately ruin is the mansion home;
What should have added beauty to the page
And in completeness bound the matchless tomb,
Stands as the writing in Belshazzar's hall—
The "*Mene, Tekel,*" of Columbia's walls—
Weighed and found wanting—recreant to the trust
Freedom bequeathed us in our Hero's dust;
And yet we boast he has a brighter cell,
A fitter for his own great soul to dwell,
The hearts of living millions!—"*It is well.*"

The voice of Woman, soft and low, but clear,
Speaks in the land; Hope spreads her wings anew;
All is not lost when woman's smile and tear
Lend to a cause a sunlight and a dew,
To save his home from ruin and from blight,
Who drove from our's oppression's darker night,
Demands an interest whoever pleads!—
Who shall refuse when woman intercedes?
Speed on the mission that so haply fell
'Mid hearts so warm. God aid them soon to tell
To list'ning ears and anxious—"*It is well.*"

Be a Woman.

Oft I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son, on duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points she out the other duty,
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something
Made of hoops, and silks, and airs,
Used to decorate the parlor,
Like the fancy rugs and chairs?
Is it one that wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something brighter far,
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
"Woman" is the brighter star.
If ye, in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter no less strongly
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman—brightest model
Of that light and perfect beauty,
Where the mind, and soul, and body,
Blend to work out life's great duty—
Be a woman—naught is higher
On the gilded list of fame;
Or the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman—on to duty,
Raise the world from all that's low,
Place high in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and radient bow!
Lend thy influence to each effort
That shall raise our nature human;
Be not fashion's gilded lady—
Be a brave, whole-souled, true woman.

Miscellaneous.

Evil Company.

Sophronius, a wise teacher of the people, did not allow his sons and daughters, even when they were grown up, to associate with persons whose lives were not moral and ture.

"Father," said the gentle Eulalia one day when he had refused to permit her to go in company with her brother to visit the frivolous Lucinda: "Father, you must think that we are very weak and childish, since you are afraid that it would be dangerous to us in visiting Lucinda."

Without saying a word the father took a coal from the hearth and handed it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child!" said he; "only take it."

Eulalia took the coal, and behold her tender white hand was black, and then without thinking she touched the white dress and it was also blackened.

"See," said Eulalia, somewhat displeased, as she looked at her hands and dress, "one cannot be careful enough when handling coals!"

"Yes, truly," said her father. "You see my child, that the coal, even though it *did not burn you*, has nevertheless *blackened you!* So is the company of immoral persons."

A Fable.

A young man once picked up a sovereign laying in the road. Ever afterwards as he walked along, he kept his eyes fixed steadily on the ground, in hopes of finding another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up at different times a good amount of gold and silver. But all these years, as he was looking for them he saw not that heaven was bright above him, and nature beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died, a rich old man, he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money, as you walk along.

☞A Russian, with a name that sounded like Raise-a-muss-ki, was lately arrested in Philadelphia, for the offence of rambling about in female apparel.

I Will Wait for You.

Fifteen years had rolled away since last I stood in the market place in the city of Hartford. I left it when the turf was green, and the thrushes were making music in the elms; the turf was green, and the birds were singing now. I saw a staid man in black go by, gravely smiling to the children, and I knew he was the settled clergyman, but not the one I left there. There were countrymen standing by their carts in the market; women chaffering with penny-worth purchasers in the stalls; carriages driving into the street, filled with ladies on an airing from watering places near by; old men and young men, women and girls—the manner of life was even as when I left it; but the forms, the faces of those once familiar had forever gone

Oh! fifteen years make great differences in a returning man. Wherever he may have passed them—in a home as cheerful as the one abandoned, amidst the caresses of the beloved, surrounded by pleasant prospects, fondled by prosperity—if he will go back to the place, let him remember that a chilly pain in the heart awaits him there, when he shall see trees and houses, and the very street stones stay, but the living pass away and are forgotten.

But when a man has spent his absence as I spent mine—for I had not been on the continent, listening now to Rose Cherie, now to Thalberg, now to the cathedral cadences of Perimo, where the floods break from his lips under the ever blue arch of a resounding sky; I had not been wafted to the upper cataracts; bathed in the nepenthe of that air which lulled the old world Memphis gallants—which lulls the Howaji now; I had not been living with friends who shoulder to shoulder, worked with me hopefully in the day time, or welcomed me at night to a glowing house, an old hearth in a room where children sat upon my knee, where the rosy firelight danced with the shadows on the wall; where a woman beloved hushed down the business cellices in my heart with a rich old ballad in a soft young voice.

I do not often call up these fifteen years, for they are melancholy, maddening ghosts. But when I do, the music with which they stalk into my thoughts is such as this: A monotonous sound of hammer—clink, clink, clink—always in the same measure, and broken only by the fall of stone fragments! a heavy clank of iron doors mercilessly shut in reveberating corridors, with nothing but my own pulse, coming afterward; for I spent my fifteen years in prison.

Do you ask how I came there! The story is not a long one. I was a junior partner in the banking house of my elder brother near Hartford. One evening, about 9 oclock, as as I was leaving the steps of my lodgings, and I turned to see a Sheriff with his assistant, standing close by me. On the opposite side of the street, the lights shone merrily from the window of the woman I loved. I was on my way to answer an invitation, and felt, as every true man feels on such an errand, gentle towards all humanity. So I did not roughly push aside the interloper's hand, as ordinarily I would have done, but quietly moved out from under it, and said, "My man, there is some mistake here.—You have taken the wrong person."

Any one who knows what it is to loose so completely, in a fearful dream, the self-possession on which he would steady himself, that he can no longer say, "This is only a dream," but begins to know that it is actual, will realize how the awful truth broke on me in an instant as the officer answered,

"That won't do; you are John Markham, of Hartford. In the name of the Commonwealth I arrest you for forgery.

Just then, on the opposite side of the street the curtain went down at the lighted window, and knowing in my soul that it dropped forever between me and the being, who in her held all things for which I lived, I felt a quick cold shudder of agony run through me, and my knees smote together like a coward's. I said no more, but went with my captor.

The first night in jail! Ah, that was terrible! The clammy, echoing stones of the floor over which I paced in the darkness did not hurt me in their hardness. The foul coarse pallet on which at intervals I threw myself in my bewildered weariness; I was beyond hurt from such things, for in the five minutes between my lodgings and my cell I had become aware that I was brought to a position whose sublime awfulness could not be equaled by anything else on earth.—Quicker by far than I can write, yet in this channel had my thoughts run.

My brother, three days before, gave me in private a heavy draft to be collected at another banking house, drawn in his favor by one of his correspondents and indorsed by another. Yes, I remember well that he looked restless when he gave it to me; that he hurried from the room immediately afterward. I presented the draft; I received the money; the books which I keep, bear no account of it. He forged the paper. I am the suspected one. I have no means of proving my innocence, unless, perhaps, by proving his guilt.

That, most likely, is impossible. At any rate, what a terrible step for a man to take against his dead mother's only other child And he has a lovely wife whom it would slay. Yes, I myself have—O, God! shut out her image from me!—I must not see it; I shall go mad!

In this grove my thoughts rolled back and forward through the night. Facing this alternative I stood till the day of my trial—just one month. My brother came often to see me; he lavished fears and embraces upon me; he retained the best of council—yet he always seemed like one in a delirium of a fever, and ever just as the turnkey swung back the heavy door to let him out, he would stop for a moment, trembling, and with his lips half opened as if about to say something more to me—then, without meeting my eye, he would rush from the cell. Suffering as I was, suffering still more, as I was about to be, from the consequences of his sin—I could pity him deeply. I could forbear with the cowardice which he could not confess, for I knew how priceless liberty must be to a man who, losing it leaves his other soul in that most heart broken of all widowhood—the widowhood of a convict's wife.

She whom I loved visited me many times—always bringing me sweet messages in her presence from the birds, and the flowers, and the free sky outside—always talking with a voice intensely sustained into cheerfulness of my acquital, and restoration to our old hopes. I told her I was innocent, and she believed me. I could not tell her who was guilty.

My trial came on. I need not pain myself with a long recital of the thronged court, the weary questioning and cross questionings, the audible silence of the the crowd while the pleas were made; the moment whose shadow fell upon me when the foreman solemly said, "guilty"—that other moment, when I was condemned to to the awful alienage of prison for the fifteeen years to come.

Then I parted from home and friends.—My brother did not bid me good-bye; he lay sick of a raging fever, on whose chances hung life. But she, the holy, the heroic—who had borne all things, came to see me go. She clasped my menacled hands in her own, she pressed one long last kiss upon the convict's lips; and said, with a solemn cheerfulness, "I will wait for you!" Then, with a superstition which, frivolous though it may seem, still crept into the awfulness of that hour, I stopped my watch, and vowed inwardly that its hands should never more move till we met again.

After that the gates of my prison opened to let in but one message from the life outside. The chaplain brought me a lock of well-known soft brown hair, and told me, with a tear in his eye, that an old man had given it to him saying, "My daughter is with God. She died whispering that she would wait for John Markham.

I endured the memory of her death with a benumbed patience, uncomplainingly, rarely weeping a single drop. I went through the unvarying round of the day labor in the prison yard with a steady mechanical industry which surprised my task master—for heretofore I had been taunted as "the weak gentleman," "white fingers," and whatever other epithet or insult the hardened bullies of discipline are accustomed, at discretion and without fear of resentement, to confer upon the wretched in their grasp. At evening, I held up the tress into that faint twilight which just fluttered through my grates, and kissing it, seemed to see her by me—for I could never think of her as dead. That realization was kindly spared me by the fact that no new void can be felt, no new unnaturalness, in the eternal void and unnaturalness of a prison.

But one night coming from work, I found the tress gone. Asking the turnkey for it, I was told, "Prisoners are allowed no useless articles." From that moment, I knew that she whom I loved was dead. Like a wild freshet the agony of the knowledge gushed in upon me. With it came the memory of my wrongs—the scorn of man spent upon my innocent head—the perfidy of my only brother—the irredeemable helplessness of all things. And I shut myself up in sullen, silent madness. A most dangerous madness it was. From the time that I lost the tress five years were to elapse before I went out, and if in that time a revolt had sprung up in the prison, I would have died fighting in its front, for I was ripe for any crime.—As it was, I only bade my time. Once out, I would wreak most condign vengeance on society—on law—on my brother.

The five years passed—five years of dust and clinking in the yard—of darkness, muttering, low, smothered heart burning in the cell. At last, one morning, the warden threw open my door, and I passed out with the slow lock step which I had been practicing nearly the quarter of a lifetime. I was going to chapel with the rest—to hear of the Prodigal Son and the Magdalen—they the guilty, but the welcomed—I the innocent, yet the thrust out. But the officer stopped me with these three words: "You are free!"

I did not cheer, nor wring the man's hand nor even smile. One grows used to forget these ways of the world after fifteen years in prison.

But the revenge which, little by little, had streatched its fibrous roots through the soil of my heart till every drop of life juice went to nourish the plant, now began to put forth its blossoms, and I felt them bud into a ecstatic poisonous fragrance. My sweet, long-hoped-for hour had come! In a few moments more the despised convict should burst open his motley chrysalis, and be rushed like a winged Nemesis to settle accounts with a world which had the start of him by fifteen years.

I went to the prison wardrobe and got back that dress which, in the days long gone I had put off with the rest of my humanity. They were clean, fastidiously gentleman-like as when I left them. I seemed for a moment, at their sight, to be waking from the terrible eternity of a bad dream—to be finding them folded by my bedside, where they had lain only since the last night.

I had come in with the majesty of the law—a guard on either side. I went out alone—no danger was apprehended of my escaping from that other prison — the world.—Leaving the high grey walls behind me, I struck into the road for Hartford. Had I come out five years before, I might have been expressly softened by the long, unwonted music of the birds, that, from the trees and orchard walls, made the air full of their joy. Now I had lived past the time when such things could touch me, and walked still in the lock-step, looking neither about nor forward, but ever moodily on the ground.—And thus, late in the afternoon, I came whither the commencement of my recital finds me, and stood in the market place of the town which I had last seen fade out behind me as I went away in scorn.

No wonder that by all the passers I was stared at as an oddity—something to be suspected and shrunk from; for my grizzled hair was of the prison cut, my clothing had gone out of fashion when the fathers in the street were children, and not by fear but long use, I looked no man in the face. And here and there in knots, the people whispered about me, sometimes with evident carelessness as to how loud. But I only nursed a deeper and more quiet wrath.

There came along that way a throng of children just from school. Stepping up to one of them, I asked, "Does George Markham still live in this place!" The little girl turned up a sunny Spring morning face and answered, "I am his daughter, Sir; do you wish to see him?"

A hellish thought suggested itself to me, I said, "Yes, you may show me the way to his house." I knew we should take a cross-path over the fields and past a long reach of lonely woods. In the most solitary part of that, I might wreak upon the guilty head of George Markham, the most terrible vengeance which could wipe out his most bitter wrong to me. I would kill his child and bring her home to him, confessing that I did it, and glorying in the end of that horrid game of quits on whose first throw he had staked my heaven and lost it.

The little maiden took my hand, confidingly. That might unnerve me; so I loosed it and told her to go before while I followed She tossed back her curls and went bounding ahead at a rate my strides were hardly equal to. Still I kept my eye upon her.—After a while we came into a low brook-course between two hills, over the foremost of which I could just see the chimneys of my brothers house. I looked about me—no one was in sight—rescue was impossible. The devil whispered "now!" Then I called her to stop, saying that I must look for something I had dropped. She obeyed, and stood amusing herself with making wreaths of the violets which grew by the water side, while I stopped to find a heavy stone which might do my bidding of vengeance surely and silently. All around me in the bed of the brook were nothing but pebbles. I walked a few steps further down in my quest. The little girl must have thought I was leaving her, for, all at once, I heard her call gently, "I am waiting for you!"

"Gracious God! who spoke? Do the loved that are forever lost cry to us out of paradise? "I am waiting for you!"—floated down through the prison bars from her whom the Father had just numbered with the saints.

I stood up and wandered back, then more dreaming than awake, to the spot where George Markham's daughter still stood playing with violets. She turned to me with a smile and said, "I did not mean to hurry you, Sir, but my father is very unwell, and I ought to be at home. Will you please tell me how late it is?"

For the first time after those fifteen years in prison, in which knowing toil and darkness only, I had asked no other measurement of time, I mechanically put my hand to my breast and drew out my long restored watch. Was I sane? The second hand stopped at the last kiss of agony given by my beloved, whether by miracle or the agitation of my grasp, I knew not, suddenly moved on. Like a lightning flash rushed on me the memory of my vow—"Till we meet, this watch shall never count time again."

Yes, we had met—met in that voice of quiet waiting—met in this wondrous omen of the watch—met when I knew not—when she was by none but God and her sister angels. The wrathful embers went out in the breast of John Markham, and, viewlessly hovering over him, the long cherished dead smiled blissfully as she saw that in that moment there had entered into him a new soul.

I clasped the little one in my arms. I told her that her father was my only brother and then waited humbly to see her recoil from that loathsome convict. But with her childlike joy she hugged me closer around the neck, and cried, "Oh I am so glad! I am so glad! Poor papa has been talking about you these four days, and saying—but oh, he must die!—"'I cannot die till John comes home.'"

"Not so, my brother," I answered, solemnly, "I from my soul forgive you. How much more shall He who pitieth his children! For me, He hath this day wiped out the past like a tablet; and looking up to Him as both of us condemned in His sight, let us join hearts, making no difference.—My brother!"

I held him on my breast through the waxing and the waning of that strange night—my first night of liberty—my first night with the new soul. And he sorrowed with the sorrowing that needeth no repentance.—With a kiss which brought back the days of our childhood, at dawn his spirit departed from me. Then, beside the little girl who had fallen asleep from weariness, I laid him who slept the calmer sleep—the sleep of calmness and peace. The day came for the reading of the will. Relatives, friends, and neighbors, were all collected in the parlor, where my dead brother used to sit, pining remorsely through the long evenings with his motherless child. Yet they all sat apart from the returned convict, looking at me with an evil eye. But I bore it meekly with little Rose, in her morning dress, nestled against my breast, as if I were the last thing she had on earth to cling to.

The lawyer opened the will and began:

"In the name of God. Amen. I George Markham, banker of Hartford, being of feeble body, but of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby constitute this my last will and testament.

"I bequeath my soul to the infinite mercy of God, if it be possible. I bequeath my name to the oblivion of all true men who shall know the truth. That I bequeath to my brother John Markham, not of bounty, but of immeasureable indebtedness, in my confession that I alone, and unaided, am the author of that damnable sin which brought he shadow of a prison, the loss of all things on his innocent head. And finally I give and demise to John Markham all my estate, both real and personal, to have and to hold, to him, his heirs and assigns, forever, confident that he will so far have mercy on my guilt as to be in all things a father to my only child."

Then, like the friends of Job, my acquaintances came back to me, beholding how I was prospered. Again I stood an upright man in the face of the earth as well as heaven, and none uttered an ill whisper against me.

Now I live alone with Rose, who has filled the place of the daughter I might have had but for the fifteen years. She is my only child, my companion, my comforter, my pupil. And never on earth will I bring any other love between us; for at night, when I look up into the stars, I hear a low voice saying,

"I am waiting for John Markham."

A Donkey Among Bees.

A laughable occurrence took place a day or two since upon the farm in the outskirts of the city of C———, in which a donkey occupied a very prominent part, and showed himself to be a far less intelligent animal than the one "we read of," who, when penned up in the farm yard with the chickens, remarked, as he trod them under foot, "Every one for himself and God for us all."

This modern donkey, being penned up in a yard, under circumstances quite similar to those of his ancient prototype, undertook the more dangerous experiment of treading on the bees; so he thrust his ugly nose against the hives, and made a determined onset upon the whole row, as if each individual hive was a trough of meal. Not relishing such familiarity with their domestic arrangements, the bees rushed out in swarms and commenced their ass aults in such a savage manner as made the poor beast think he must leave in a hurry, which he accordingly did. But the bees, not content with acting merely on the defensive, seemed determined to punish him for his temerity, and give him a lesson which would last him through life. Literally covering his whole body, they stung him on the nose, they stung him in the eyes. Upon his back and upon his belly, upon his neck and upon his legs; they fastened themselves by hundreds and thousands, and wherever a sting could penetrate, the poor donkey had to take it.

Frantic with rage and pain, the animal brayed and bellowed, and ran, and jumped, and lashed his sides with his tail; and finally, as if in utter despair of getting rid of his assailants, he threw himself upon the ground and rolled over and over as in agony of pain. Finding this to be of no use, and that his assailants seemed to multiply rather than diminish, the poor donkey picked himself up again, and seeing the kitchen door open, with ears and tail erect, and eyes glistening with *tears* and terror, he made a rush into the house. Thither the bees followed him; and such a scene as then ensued has seldom been enacted. In vain the donkey rolled upon the floor—in vain he jumped over the cook-stove, overturned the chairs, and upset the table, the bees had not done with him yet, and it was not until the whole household, summoned by the noise, had worked vigorously for some minutes, with napkins and dusting brushes, that poor John Donkey was sufficiently rid of his enemies to be able to leave with safety by another door than that which he had entered.

Keep the Heart Alive.

The longer I live, the more expedient I find it to endeavor more and more to extend my sympathies and affections. The natural tendency of advancing years is to narrow and contract these feelings.

I do not mean that I wish to form a new and sworn friendship every day, to increase my circle of intimates; these are very different affairs. But I find it conduces to my mental health and happiness, to find out all I can which is amiable and lovable in those I come in contact with, and to make the most of it.

It may fall very far short of what I was once wont to dream of; it may not supply the place of what I have known, felt and tasted; but it is better than nothing; it seems to keep the feelings and affections in exercise; it keeps a heart alive in its humanity; and till we shall be all spiritualists, this is alike our duty and our interest.—*Bernard Barton.*

The Natural Drunkard—A Sad Story.

In one of the New England States, says a writer, I know a lad, now about twelve or thirteen years of age, whose condition is a most remarkable demonstration of the natural law, that, in every case, the child is a very faithful copy of his parents. The boy is a natural drunkard. From his birthday to the present moment, he has given all the outward indications of being deeply drunk; and yet, so far as I know, or think it probable, he has never swallowed a drop of ardent spirits in his life. Though in good sound health, he has never been able to walk without staggering. His head is always upon his breast; and his speech is of that peculiar character which marks a person in a very low stage of intoxication. If, nevertheless, in the midst of his mutterings and reelings something is said to him in a way to pass through the thick atmosphere of his intellectual being, and penetrate his mind, he at once rouses, like a common tippler, and gives proof enough that he is not wanting in native talents, however his mental faculties are enshrouded. His disposition, also, seems to be extremely amiable. He is kind to every one around him, and, I may add, he is not only pitied for his misfortune, but in spite of his lamentable condition, regarded with uncommon interest. He is looked upon as a star of no mean magnitude, obscured and almost blotted out by the mist in which he is doomed to dwell, till he shall pass from the present state of existence to another.

Now, as I understand the law of hereditary descent, there is nothing unnatural in this boy's case. Every individual ever born, is governed by the same principle which caused him to be what he is. Prior to marriage, his father had been a secret but confirmed inebriate, and when the fact became known to the gentle and sweet spirited being, who a few months before, had become his wife, the revelation was made suddenly, and in a way the most impressive and appalling.—One night, when he was supposed to be the most unimpeachable of husbands, he staggered home, broke through the door of his sleeping apartment, and fell down on the floor in a state of wretched inebriation. For weeks he wallowed in misery. During the next six or seven months, seeing his domestic reputation had been forfeited, he kept up almost a continuous scene of intoxication. When at the end of this period, it was told him that he was "the husband of a mother," he reeled and staggered on without much abatement. Months passed away; but there occurred no change in the habits of the poor inebriate. It was at once discovered, however, that there was something singular in the appearance of the child. When it was three months old, there began to be strange speculations respecting it among the people. At the age of six months, these speculations had settled down into a very general opinion, but not a word was said to the disconsolate woman, who had also begun to have her own forebodings. At last, as she was one evening looking upon her child, and wondering what could be the reason of its strange conduct, the terrible idea flashed upon her soul, "My child is a natural drunkard!" She shrieked aloud; and her husband, who happened to be within hearing, came to her. She fell upon his neck, and exclaimed, "Dear husband, our little George is born a" ———. She could proceed no further, but swooned away in her husband's arms.

From that hour the father of the boy never tasted a drop of spirits. The sight of his eyes and heavings of his heart entirely cured him of his habit. He seldom looks upon his unfortunate little George without shedding a tear over that sin which entailed upon him a life of obscurity and wretchedness. He has lived, I rejoice to add, so as to redeem his character; and he is now the father of five children, all of whom are bright, and beautiful, and lovely, excepting only the one whose destiny was thus blasted.

What a Pin Can Do.

Some time ago an argument was started against the great Leviathan now being finished at the London docks, that it would be useless as a carrier of freight, on account of the enormous tonnage she would require, which could not be gathered in any port in time to render her voyage regular or frequent. This set an English mathmetician to work to show what a pin could do in the way of freight. He made known the result of his calculation, which proved that by dropping one pin into the Leviathan to-day, two to-morrow, four next day, and so on for one year, the aggregate would sink that monster to the bottom of the ocean.

Mr. A. Breneman, of Lancaster, Pa., seeing the statement, took pains to work it out, and the following is the result of his labor:

Allowing 200 pins to the ounce, one pin the first, 2 the second, 4 the third, and so on doubling for 365 days, or one year, would give 876,970,567,370,400 pins—which at 200, per ounce, would amount to 4,384,853,-836,852 ounces, or 274,053,362,203 pounds and four ounces; and allowing 2,000 lbs. to the ton, would be 137,626,851 tons, 303 lbs. and 4 ounces. Only think of the enormous weight from the pin! Enough to sink not only the great Leviathan, but the whole British Navy. It is a neat little question for boys to calculate how much they would be worth, suppose they can save in forty years, by laying up one penny the first week, two the second, for the third, and so on. It is calculated to instruct them in how great fortunes are made.

☞Let not thy will roar when, thy power can but whisper.

Amateur Gardening.

The editor of the *New Haven Register* gets off the following rather clever "experience" of his efforts in the gardening line, taking another sufferer's experience as a text, as follows:

"A friend thus describes his summer's gardening operations: 'The bugs ate our cucumbers; our chickens ate the bugs, the neighbors cats ate the chickens, and we are now in hopes that something will eat the cats."—*Exchange.*

"We are half inclined to give our experience in the horticultural line, but wed are not, least we discourage 'new beginners,' who are always taken with the 'garden fever' as soon as they go to housekeeping.—It is probably the greatest delusion that afflicts the human mind! Aside from the 'bugs, chickens and cats,' it is a magnificent humbug of itself. We never could make anything grow, but what would have grown better if left alone. If we 'set out' cabbage plants, instead of "heading up,' as cabbages ought to, the leaves are sure to shoot out in the most preverse manner, and getting as far from each other as possible. Our strawberries cost us about 18¾ cents apiece; but thank fortune, there was not much of a crop this year, or we should have been ruined! Raspberries, if possible, behave still worse. We have got, among other 'selected varieties,' what are called 'perpetual bearers'—that is, you are perpetually watching for indications of fruit, without ever having your eyes blessed with the fruition! We are somewhat partial to 'string beans,' and we have got 'strings' of the most flourishing vines ever seen, but no beans, not a bean; that is, if we 'know beans,' of which we begin to have the most alarming doubts. Our success has been the same as to sass generally; but we can beat the country in tall weeds—that is, we could if we would; but we long ago concluded, that if legitimate planting could not prosper, nothing else should grow. So we pay a man to keep the weeds out, from no other motive than ill-humor. We don't expect 'to raise' anything—didn't plant with any such view, but merely from habit—and we now caution others against contracting such a silly notion. A late number of the *Homestead*—a capital paper, by the way—had a good article on 'top dressing' for certain kinds of soil; and we have come to the conclusion that is what ours wants; and shall, at the proper moment apply one of Bolton stone, laid down in cement, and shall from that time 'lay down the shovel and the hoe,' and call the 'hens and the cats' to hold high carnival unmolested.'

A Story with a Moral.

Mr. Bones, of the firm of Fossil, Bones & Co., was one of those remarkable money making men, whose uninterrupted success in trade has been the wonder, and afforded the material for the gossip of the town for the last seven years. Being of a familiar turn of mind, he was frequently interrogated on the subject, and invariably gave as the secret of his success, that he minded his own business.

A gentleman met Mr. Bones on the Assanipink Bridge. He was gazing intently on the dashing, foaming waters as they fell over the dam. He was evidently in a brown study. Our friend ventured to disturb his cogitations.

"Mr. Bones, tell me how to make a thousand dollars."

Mr. Bones continued looking intently at the water. At last he ventured a reply.

"Do you see that dam, my friend."

"Certainly I do."

"Well, here you may learn the secret of making money. The water would waste away and be of no practical use to anybody but for the dam. That dam turns it to good account, it makes it perform some useful purposes, and then suffers it to pass along. That large paper mill is kept in constant motion by the simple economy. Many mouths are fed by the manufacture of paper, and intelligence is scattered broadcast over the land on the sheets that are daily turned out; and in the different processes through which it passes money is made. So it is in the living of hundreds of people. They get enough of money. It passes through their hands every day, and at the year's end they are no better off. What is the reason?—They want a dam. Their expenditures are increasing, and no practical good is attained. They want them dammed up, so that nothing will pass through their hands without bringing something back—without accomplishing some useful purpose. Dam up your expenses and you will soon have enough occasionally to spare a little, just like that dam. Look at it, my friend!"—*Trenton True American.*

☞An honest farmer having a number of men hoeing in his field, went to see how his work went on. Finding one of them sitting still, he inqired the cause. The man answered.

"I thirst for the spirit."

"Grog, you mean; I suppose," said the farmer; "but if the bible teaches you to thirst after the spirit, it says also, HOE! every one that thirsteth!'"

☞Encke's comet having no tail, it is proposed to open a subscription at the reading-room to procure funds to buy one—a short one—say about five millions of miles long.

☞Pity expresses itself in words—often relieves itself by a look. Charity asserts itself in gifts. A man may be full of pity, and yet extremely empty-handed.